



Ruins



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Chapter 1 by Giovanni Han

Breathing heavily, the horse reached the top of the hill.

What a strange sight gave the hills to travelers, with so much territory bumping from the ground, like bubbles made of dirt, rocks and green here and there, forming what could be called a boiling cauldron of earth.

The speaker rang, loudly

It was Mike, from the Gun Shop

"Hey mr. Wheehaboo, were the hell did you go yesterday? I've got your new gun and unless you want it to be sold to the first costumer that passes by you better gonna show your ass at my place tomorrow morning"

Without even a chance to reply, "Mr. Wheehaboo" had been seriously warned: he had waited so long for that gun to be forged, and even if the pay for the job was high, the gun was even more valuable

Without second thoughts he guided his horse backwards, from were they went, but only after giving a last gaze at the Ruins sprouting from the terrain like a cancer

Tremendous forces had battled before in the past ages there, and nobody could even imagine what powerful artifact was lying there, under the sun. And those tremendous forces were the reason for him coming here, or so that was what he was sure of.

But the smith gave him the warning and so he returned to the city, silently on the main road

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